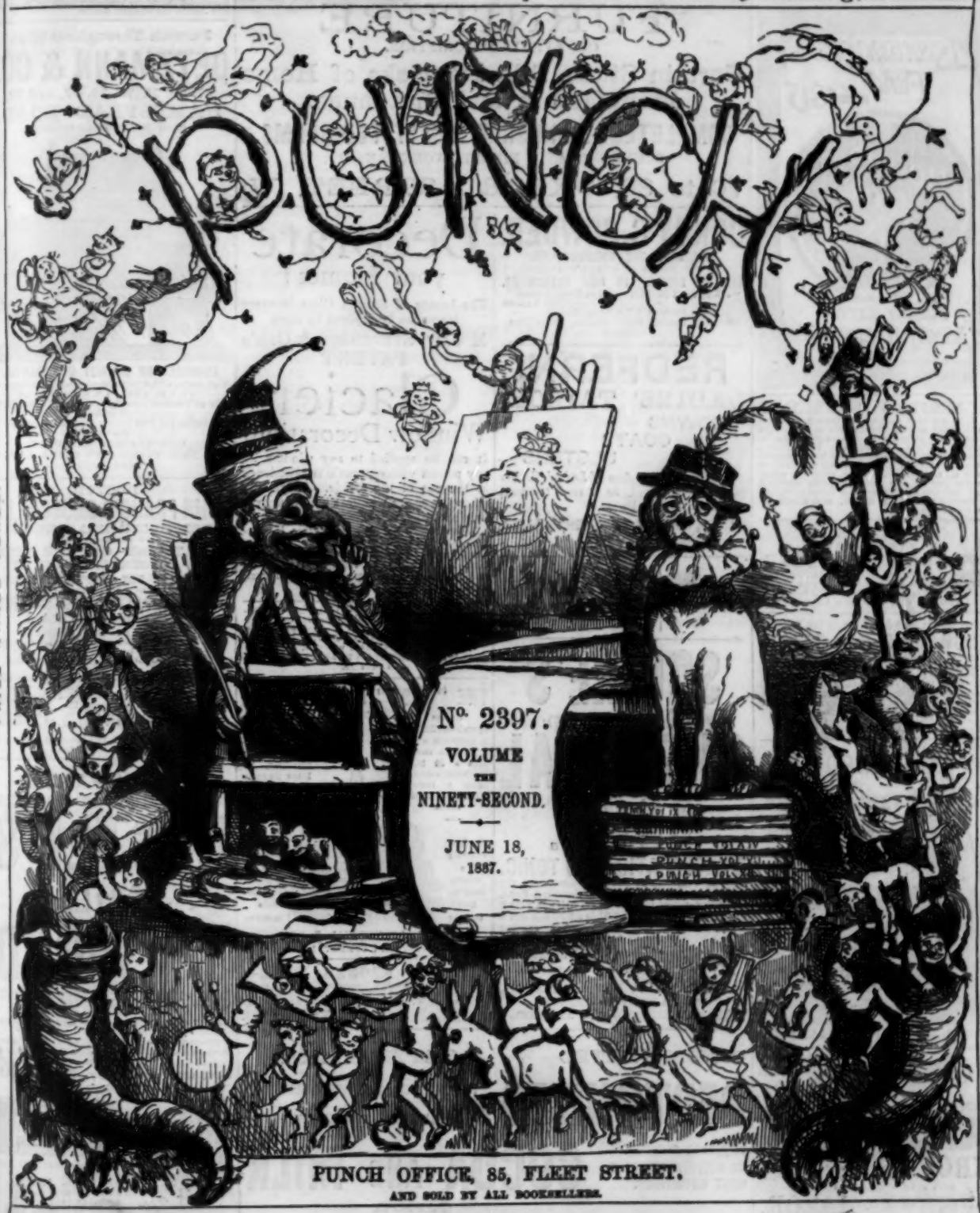
SPECIAL NOTICE.—Next week being "JUBILEE" week, **"PUNCH"** *will be published earlier. The No. will contain an* **extra** *quantity of pages, and will be appropriate in its character with the National Celebration. The* **"JUBILEE NUMBER"** *will be published on Monday morning, the 20th.*



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MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

YOUNG Amateur Reciter, pardon the apparent abruptness of the question—but have you ever loved and been rejected? Because, if you have not, the following Poem is beyond your scope. It is dedicated exclusively to the Blighted, for it deals with a tragic misunderstanding between two fond young hearts, which to some will doubtless appear trivial enough—although *Mr. Punch* has read many a novel in which two lives were shipwrecked upon a rock far less substantial. Yes, there is genuine tragedy in the subject, which can only be properly developed by that insight which comes from bitter experience.

Most young Male Reciters are persuaded that it has been peculiarly given to them to represent the varying phases of feminine emotion in a pleasing and dramatic manner. Far be it from *Mr. Punch*, or his Poet, to gainsay their possession of this talent, for the display of which exceptional facilities have been provided in:—

THE WOOING OF THE LADY AMABEL.

In her boudoir, faintly perfumed by some sweet and subtle vapour,
With the grace of lissome indolence lies Lady AMABEL;
And from time to time her taper fingers plunge within a paper,
Whence they carry to her coral lips the happy caramel.
'Tis a dainty well adapted to induce a sentimental
Train of thought, and soon her fancy fleets to young Sir PEVERIL:
He is handsome, highbred, gentle, (figures five express his rental)
[*Tone of dreamy reverie.*
And—although he has not spoken yet—she little doubts he *will!*
(*Give this line with a kind of maidenly archness. It is more difficult to render this than you perhaps imagine, and we should strongly advise you to rehearse it carefully before a mirror.*)
Now she drops in charming girlish guilt the last romance from MUDIE'S—
For Sir PEVERIL has entered! all his goodly face aglow
With reluctance to intrude—he 's quite aware his conduct rude is,
But the Countess has assured him that he will not be *de trop!*
(*With concerned wonder.*) She whose mien would grace Princesses, now embodied awkwardness is!
And conceals, as might a village maid, the blush she cannot quell;
Well his object here she guesses, but—although her answer "Yes" is—
(*Confidential aside.*) Like a limèd bird her fluttering tongue is clogged with caramel! [reading,
(*Pause; light narrative tone.*) After many a lame apology for cutting short her
Young Sir PEVERIL has summoned all his courage to begin,
And with passion now is pleading. From his tone of interceding
She can gather that he fears her hand is difficult to win!
[*Air of dainty amusement for this.*
So he all his eloquence employs—his eyes with ardour glisten:
(All unconscious he 's besieging a surrendered citadel!) [*Confidential aside again.*
But she cannot tell him *this*—un-happily, she can but listen,
[*Here you should indicate slight facial contortion.*
Making frantic furtive efforts to absorb her caramel! [are——
(*Manly passion.*) "Oh, deem not that my burning words a boy's extravagance
For I love you with a passion that my tongue would fail to tell! [*Hand on heart.*
Do I not deserve an answer?" (*Rapid change to confidential aside.*) How his rhapsodies entrance her!
(*Regretfully.*) But the pearly portals of her speech are barred by caramel!
Sir P. (*growing anxiety*). "Have I been but over-confident—and can I be distasteful
To the one whose guide and stay through life I thought to have become?
(*Desperately.*) Then in pity let me *know* it!" (*Pause; then sadly.*) But with too cohesive paste full
Is her dewy mouth; and so, perforce, fair AMABEL is dumb!
"Is it *time* you need?" he questions, with humility pathetic,
"Never fear that I by sudden scare your judgment would compel!"
(*Business here.*) She makes efforts energetic to resolve the seal hermetic
Of involuntary silence—but 'tis set in caramel! [cigar lit,
Sir P (*again reproachful*). "There was a time when graciously for me you my
And you hovered near me as I smoked, and said you 'loved' the smell—
Were you but trifling with me then?—(*with painful conviction*)—or why that sudden scarlet?"
(*Aside.*) But she 's flushing with *vexation* at her stubborn caramel.
(*Grieved dignity.*) From your silence I must gather you have acted insincerely,
And your little feet a bleeding heart have trampled in the dust!
(*Broken accents.*) For I loved you, ah, so dearly!—but at last I see too clearly
That I 've centred all my hopes on one unworthy of my trust!
Can you no word of answer deign—encouraging or chilling?
Thrice a fool is he who seeks to touch the heart of a coquette! [*Bitterly.*
Since you 're obviously unwilling, I—(*dawning hope*)—but stay, your eyes are filling!
Only whisper one shy syllable, in sign you love me yet?" [*Tender invitation.*
(*Tragic recitative.*) And she 's writhing in her anguish, with a dreary wonder whether [spell;
She is under the benumbing blight of some enchanter's
For a link of honied leather locks her ruby lips together,
And the pent emotion cannot pass that gag of caramel!
Then Sir PEVERIL, with an agony he vainly seeks to smother,
Says: "Your silence I interpret now—you are no longer free! [*Nod head with mournful knowingness.*
But are plighted to Another, and regard me "as a brother,"
(Which I cannot say I care about!) then—there 's no hope for me?" [*Extend hands, palms upward.*
Still this silence! Then I leave you—though you care not to be *my* mate, [good-bye,
Though you do not hold me worth the boon of e'en a brief
Should the cannibals some time eat me in Afric's sultry climate,
I may win a posthumous regard entombed within a pie!
(*Bitter emphasis on "posthumous" of a man who feels himself unappreciated in life.*)
Thus he leaves her: Down the corridor his heavy footstep echoes, [a knell;
While his parting words are ringing in her singing ears
And 'tis hers for evermore to feel her life its dismal wreck owes
To immoderate indulgence in the tempting caramel!

This is the legitimate and only really artistic finale; but the Poet, on reciting it to two of his Aunts, found that they wept so uncontrollably, that he was obliged to compose a sedative stanza, which he appends here as an alternative ending by way of concession to those who resent too heavy a demand upon their tear-ducts.

Then the caramel relents at last!—(you find the phrase fantastic? [kind)—
But it melts—although from motives not intentionally
And she manages to masticate the morsel so elastic,
As she murmurs: "Though I 've been so dumb—need *you* have been so blind?" (*Bring in your maidenly archness again for last line; rainbow effect.*)

One last caution; the two concluding stanzas are strictly alternative—*so, don't recite them both!*

CRICKET CATCHES.

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Collaring the Bowling.

A Prominent Player.

Sent Back with a Shooter.

A Difficult Wicket.

HUMAN NATURE.

Angelina. "WHATEVER MADE YOU TELL UNCLE HARPAGON YOU 'RE MAKING £5000 A YEAR—WHEN, WITH ALL YOUR HARD WORK AND ALL MY ECONOMY, WE CAN SCARCELY MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET!"

Edwin. "MY LOVE, HE 'S WORTH HALF A MILLION, AND IF HE THINKS WE DON'T WANT IT, HE 'LL VERY LIKELY LEAVE IT ALL TO US!"

A ROYAL HOUSE-WARMING.

IT was a question what should be done with them. There was such a lot of them. And each of them had a suite. Of course if they had come unattended, bringing only a valet or a maid, it would have been possible to put them all up at Buckingham Palace—with a little crowding. But not at all. This man had his chamberlain, that a master of the horse, or somebody. So they had to be spread over as large an area as possible.

There was not much question as to whom should be housed at Pimlico. The kings of course had the call, although some of them (for family reasons) preferred Marlborough House. The Belgians, the Portuguese, Saxony and all the Berlin contingent, with the gentleman from Vienna, had absolutely a right to reside in the Palace of Pimlico. Then there was the Italian Duke who had been a King once upon a time in Spain (he retired after he had had quite enough of it)—well, he might expect to be put up in Buckingham House. And these, with the members of "the Family" quite exhausted the accommodation in Pimlico.

Marlborough House, always hospitable, opened its doors to anyone, but especially to anyone more intimately connected with Denmark. "Only too pleased to see anybody," was the idea, but the central notion was "Denmark." Lucky *voyageurs* who got to Marlborough House. Quite sure of a very good time. Theatres, operas, everything! A real good time! Clarence House drew the line at Russia. In Edinburgh a bawbee *is* a bawbee, and, even when guns don't go off, a "saxpence" is sometimes capable of "banging." So the line was drawn at Russia. The inhabitants of the Wild North are no doubt an admirable race, but not too amusing. So perhaps they were a trifle *triste*. It is to be hoped, if this was indeed the case, that dark moments were chased away by fiddling, and there was some one at hand to compensate the fiddler. And, for the rest, there were hotels. One opposite Buckingham Palace, most conveniently situated. "Sleep out, and take meals in the house." That was the idea. And then there were private lodgings. So, when all is said and done, why should they not be comfortable? Even the Siamese and other darkies were appropriately put up. Yes, and this last feat was performed without asking for accommodation at the Hall of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels!

ROYAL JUBILEE CRICKET SCORE.

"50! Not Out."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR PLEASURE-SEEKERS.

Question. Did you see the *Amber Heart* at the Lyceum?

Answer. I did, at a crowded *Matinée*, in a temperature apparently of several hundreds in the shade.

Q. Did you find it a "poetic fancy"?

A. I found it rather dry. It reminded me of the *Palace of Truth*, with the "GILBERT squeak" left out.

Q. Was it well played?

A. By Miss ELLEN TERRY to admiration. Mr. WILLARD was also very good. But the piece was dreary.

Q. Where there no comic characters?

A. Mr. KEMBLE was intended to be mirth-provoking, as a fat old man desirous of marriage; and Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE, on the whole, amused me as a troubadour.

Q. Were Miss ELLEN TERRY omitted from the caste, would you go to a second performance of the *Amber Heart*?

A. Certainly, if dragged thither by wild omnibus horses.

Q. But not otherwise? *A.* Not otherwise.

Q. You have also been to Mr. CUSINS'—he will be Sir CUSINS soon—Annual Concert. Did anything surprise you thereat?

A. I was certainly astonished and grieved to learn that Mr. SIMS REEVES was unable to sing on account of indisposition.

Q. Did Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL give a recitation?

A. Of passages from *The Hunchback*? Yes. Modern morning dress in lieu of ruffs, doublets, and farthingales, was a little embarrassing—especially to the gentlemen.

Q. Was there any good singing?

A. Some admirable singing. Mr. SANTLEY was in excellent voice, Mme. TREBELLI perfect, and Signor CIAMPI the Chee-ampion Comique.

Q. Have there been any other morning performances?

A. Certainly—a great many. But I have not been to any of them.

Q. Really—why not? *A.* Because I am a pleasure-seeker!

EN PASSANT.

THIS fashion of having sunshades with a number of ribs terminating in sharp pointed spikes all round, is no doubt a pretty one, but could not ladies contrive to wield their weapons so as to make the peril to passers-by somewhat less?

No, it 's not so much the fact that the whole of my left cheek has been laid open down to the bone by a lady's sunshade, which causes me irritation, as the desire expressed by the lady that I should apologise for my awkwardness in getting in her way!

This is the third new hat that I have had knocked off into the gutter this week by a passing parasol.

Policeman! Would you be so kind as to call a cab to take me to the nearest Eye-Hospital? And you might perhaps speak to that nice-looking young lady with the red parasol over there, who has just sent one of the prongs deep into my eye-socket, in case her evidence may be required at the Inquest.

As I am invited to three garden-parties this week, perhaps I had better insure my life before going to any of them.

No doubt a poke in the small of the back by a spike, shaped like a miniature javelin is exhilarating; but I prefer going to my doctor when I want something to give my constitution a fillip.

Why do not the young ladies who insist on twirling their sunshades, take out patents for a new kind of circular saw?

When can a lady be said to give the cut direct to a gentleman she has never set eyes on before?—When she lacerates his face by an adroit and unexpected movement of her parasol.

Considering that, as has been truly observed, "the edges of a sunshade carried by a lady of ordinary height are just about the level of a gentleman's hat or eyes," could not a law be passed to compel damsels with parasols to walk on stilts?

If carriages may be said to obey the rule of the road, ladies in summer-time certainly enjoy the rule of the pavement.

RED SHIRT says:—"If I had only had a modern sunshade with me in the Far West, I should have been able to do a great deal more scalping than I ever actually accomplished, and in about half the time."

May the spikes of a fashionable parasol be properly described as a new kind of "facing points"?

JUBILEE GUESTS.

Lord Chamberlain. "ALL RIGHT, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES. YOU'LL ALL BE ATTENDED TO IN YOUR TURNS."

PITY the sorrows of a Chamberlain, [*door!*)
(*Ah, yes, your Royal Highness, that's your*
Filled with perplexity and courtly pain.
(*A Jubilee's a bore.*)

'Midst pleasures and 'midst palaces to roam,
Is nice for foreign dignities, no doubt;
But then they 've lots of palaces at home,
Which we are quite without.

A cab-full of Serenities, to "place"
In Grand Hotels, their grumbling mouths
to muzzle, [*Grace!*)
Is what I call (*Number Fourteen, Your*
The real "Jubilee Puzzle."

The Turks now! How I envy the snug posts
of them.
Civilisation is but pain and loss for us.

(*At six, Sire?*)] [Palaces? Why they have
lots of them
All round about the Bosphorus.

Well, I must do my best. (*All in good time,*
Serene Transparencies!) The post of
"Boots"
My office, which I used to think sublime,
This sort of thing scarce suits.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 6th.—House of Commons back again, after Whitsun recess. Lords defer their coming. In meantime British Constitution must try to drag along without them. Effort to-night rather melancholy. Benches nearly empty. GLADSTONE "still in Wales' belly," as CAVENDISH BENTINCK (who is here) says; "and precious glad it 'll be to get rid of him," he adds, rumpling his hair wrong way. HARTINGTON strolled in at question-time, but presently decamped. CHAMBERLAIN didn't look in at all. These deficiencies made up by presence of HARCOURT, who spread himself over seat of Leader of Opposition, and smiled in patronising manner on the Mace.

Fuller gathering on Treasury Bench. SMITH in familiar attitude, with hands on knees, ready to "pounce." To him enter AKERS-DOUGLAS, who has been counting noses in House and ante-rooms. "Can't muster more than a hundred," he reported. "No chance of pouncing to-night." Old Morality sat back disappointed. Temper evidently ruffled. Snapped at BRADLAUGH when he wanted to know about Burmah Ruby Mines, and scowled on DIXON HARTLAND when he asked for facilities to proceed with his Bill for Regulation of Theatres. Only six questions on paper, after which, House resolved itself into Committee of Supply, and pounded away on Civil Service Estimates till Two o'Clock in the morning.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Coercion Bill on to-night, but not even its powerful attraction sufficient to draw House. GLADSTONE, on his way home from Wales, made a speech hundreds of miles long—all the way from Cardiff to Paddington. Occasional application of Clôture on the part of Guard in charge of train. CHAMBERLAIN looked in for few minutes. Very little here now. Less even than HARTINGTON. SMITH at the opening of sitting vaguely hinted at pending Closure. "I am not in a position to do it at this moment," he plaintively remarked, looking round at his supporters, who did not number a hundred. "But will see by-and-by," he added, pulling himself together, and assuming air of jollity in painful circumstances.

Soon as House got into Committee of Supply, BALFOUR wanted to make statement. At this stage can be done only by general consent. TIM HEALY objected. HARCOURT patronisingly told BALFOUR to go on. Tried to go on accordingly. TIM HEALY on his legs again. BALFOUR pettishly said if that was the way he was to be received, wouldn't make statement at all, and so sat down. Irish Members laughed to see such fun. Got just what they wanted.

"On the Pounce."

PARNELL turned up, looking like a ghost. Urged his friends not to linger over immaterial Amendments. A cloud of Amendments accordingly brushed off the paper. This looked promising, but truce only temporary. TIM HEALY having discovered sore place with ARTHUR BALFOUR, kept prodding him till at last he declined to discuss amendment with him. Irish Members more than ever delighted with this evidence of weakness. TIM joyously returned to attack. Might have gone on for half an hour,

> "When comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
> And slits the long-drawn speech."

That's OSBORNE MORGAN's way of putting it, having been down among the Welsh Bards. In plain English, SMITH having ascertained that two hundred supporters were present "pounced," and TIM shut up. Encouraged by success, pounced again, half an hour later, but was pulled up by Chairman.

After this rebuff O. M. went to sleep. Debate went on till nearly Three in the morning.

Business done.—Coercion Bill.

Wednesday.—GLADSTONE back in House to-day. In high spirits; delighted with his trip to Wales; wears a leek in button-hole, and speaks with decidedly Welsh accent. Is engaged in studying parish records of Llanymnech. Has a strong suspicion that either he was himself born there, or that one of his mother's aunts was a Welshwoman by birth. Shall hear more of this by-and-by. In meantime, he tells me he intends to take rank as a Bard. Has been teaching HERBERT to call him by his Bardic name, *Dda*. HERBERT says that 's not the way to spell the word. GLADSTONE explains that it 's Welsh, and has historic associations. Wonderful the enthusiasm of the old man. Shouldn't be at all surprised to find him some night sitting at the Bar in Bardic costume with harp, singing the dirge of the Government.

The Welsh Harpist.

Business done.—Coercion Bill.

Thursday.—Red letter night for TIM. Began early with accusing ARTHUR BALFOUR of making a statement which was "a mere quibble." No doubt of accuracy of description; but SPEAKER objected to phrase adopted. In conversation which followed, TIM proposed to cross-examine SPEAKER. Did he, he wanted to know, rule that the word "quibble" was unparliamentary? SPEAKER wouldn't commit himself and finally having gained his point, TIM consented to withdraw.

"'Our allies are at least gentlemen,'" said HARCOURT, glancing at CHAMBERLAIN's empty seat. "But gentlemen don't usually answer a plain question by a paltry quibble."

"I beg your pardon?" asked BALFOUR across the table.

"Oh, nothing!" said HARCOURT.

TIM ran amuck all night in Committee on Coercion Bill. It was One o'Clock in the morning when his great opportunity came. BALFOUR moved to omit Sub-Section providing for Change of Venue. Promised to introduce another Bill, substituting a Commission of Judges. HARCOURT made unusually effective speech. Old Morality appeared at table to reply. Just started when TIM interposed.

"I claim, Sir," he shouted, "that the question be now put."

Old Morality stood aghast. Hour or two earlier had moved the Closure himself. Had done it once or twice every evening since Rule passed. Now, when rising to counteract damaging speech from Front Opposition Bench, had the Closure put on him! Slowly sank into a seat; gazed straight before him with parted lips. Nothing for Chairman to do but put the question. SMITH still speechless. Party didn't know what to do. Before they had recovered self-possession, Chairman declared Closure agreed to, and SMITH's great speech remains unspoken.

"10 to 1 on Urgency!"

Business done.—Mr. SMITH Closured.

Saturday, 3 A.M.—House still sitting. Proceedings since Eleven last night very lively. Old Morality pouncing right and left, "like a kangaroo," as JOSEPH GILLIS says. Closure all very well as far as it goes. What we really want is, power to move the Closure of the House. All going down to Ports-

MORE LITERAL THAN GALLANT.

Miss Hypatia. "YES, NOW THAT WE ARE GRADUALLY EDUCATING OURSELVES UP TO YOUR LEVEL, YOU MEN OUGHT AT LEAST TO MEET US HALF-WAY!"

The Professor. "MEET YOU HALF-WAY? HOW? BY GRADUALLY UNEDUCATING OURSELVES DOWN TO YOURS!"

mouth to-day with CHARLIE BERESFORD. Have to be on the move at Eight o'Clock, and here we are.

GLADSTONE gone home long ago. So has HARTINGTON, CHAMBERLAIN, and most respectable people not pressed for the Closure Brigade. CHAMBERLAIN, fresh from Ascot, created quite a sensation. Figure him in white hat, with green veil, smartly-cut light-brown dust-coat, lavender kid gloves (slightly soiled), and field-glass slung over his shoulder. Wanted to make a book on Urgency Resolution passing before House rose. Offered 10 to 1, but found no takers. General opinion is that he's too much in the swim.

Business done.—Urgency Rule passed.

"AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY."

TESTY old gentlemen are rather fond of informing us that "there are no *boys* now, Sir!" and these *laudatores temporis acti* will be gratified to hear that a boy of the good old sort seems to have been discovered at Dartford lately. The Superintendent of Police stated for the information of the Bench that a certain DAVID COLLINS, who was charged before them with stealing "a quantity of wheat," was "an old-fashioned boy." Master COLLINS had been awarded a season of hard labour (it's too apt to be nothing but play with your modern boy!) a few years ago for the same offence, when the young gentleman stated that he was thirteen, and turned out to be "nearly thirty." When being charged and searched on the present occasion, "six or eight live mice sprang out from the inside of his shirt," says the *Daily Telegraph*, sympathetic ally, "much to the consternation of the police officers." Any old gentleman who would like to adopt this nice little boy, and the six or eight live mice, (which of course are all old-fashioned too) is hereby informed that "Master DAVID," will be at liberty to entertain proposals for adoption (Millers where no cats are kept preferred!) at the end of a period of twenty-one days, during which he will be unavoidably detained by an engagement of a pressing nature. The chance may not occur again!

SOMETHING MORE LIKE IT.

SIR,—I have read with consternation that HER MAJESTY intends, on the occasion of her Royal Progress to the Abbey on the 21st, to proceed merely in "semi-state." Now this must not be. The idea is preposterous. Why, Sir, I have just paid fifteen guineas for a third-floor window in Regent Street, and I should like to know, if the QUEEN is going to wear an ordinary bonnet, and the whole procession is going to consist of a dozen carriages of notables in mere morning dress, just following one another, what I am going to get for my money? However, it is not too late to set matters right. I subjoin below a sketch of what the Procession ought to be, and the sooner the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, or whoever it is who has to see to the matter, takes it in hand the better it will be for the sight-seeing public. Here it is:—

PROGRAMME OF PROCESSION.

(*Amended to suit the Popular Taste.*)

THE LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, AND CITY OFFICIALS MOUNTED ON BUCK-JUMPERS,
(Specially hired from BUFFALO BILL'S Wild West Show,) to clear the way.

ONE OF THE LONDON ROAD-CAR COMPANY'S OMNIBUSES,
Filled inside and out with Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England in Full Canonicals.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR,
On the Woolsack, carried by Four Officials of the Upper House.

EIGHTY-SIX IRISH MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
Dressed in National Costume, dancing a jig as they proceed.

TWO FOREIGN KINGS,
In full Gala Coronation Dress, walking abreast.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE HOTEL,
On Horseback.

FIVE FOUR-WHEELED CABS
(Handsomely gilt with Dutch metal), containing Continental Royalties in brand-new uniforms.

THE SPEAKER IN HIS CHAIR,
On a Brewers'-dray festooned with Roses, drawn by Clerks of the House in harness.

THE ENTIRE HOUSE OF PEERS,
In their Robes and Coronets, dancing backwards, and scattering flowers as they retire.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
THE QUEEN,
Attired in her Coronation Robes and wearing the Imperial Crown, seated on her Throne in the centre of a colossal Car on a Revolving Twelfth Cake, surrounded by appropriate Court characters.

INDIAN MAHARAJAHS
(In a Pleasure-Van), arrayed in their best Jewels, and personally conducted by Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN.

THE ENTIRE COLLECTION OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX MODELS,
Arranged in groups on the tops of a series of tastefully decorated Furniture-vans, containing inside respectively the Bands of the three rival Italian Opera Companies, the Life Guards, Marines, and Royal Artillery.

THE POET LAUREATE,
Clad in Bardic Costume, singing his Jubilee Ode, and accompanying himself on a harp on the top of the "Dead-wood Coach," the interior of which will be occupied by distinguished Literary and Artistic Celebrities, Musicians, Dramatic Authors, Actors, Dentists, and leading Members of all the Learned Professions.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY,
In full Court Dress, riding in various attitudes on one of the new 101-ton Guns, and forming an Allegorical *Tableau*.

CHAIRMEN OF GAS AND INSURANCE COMPANIES
Decked out in suits of Tower armour, mounted on omnibus horses.

BUFFALO BILL.

Now, Sir, the above scheme may be capable of improvement, but I maintain that if something simple of the sort is set on foot on these lines there will be a comprehensive show at least somewhat worthy of the occasion. If, on the other hand, the Authorities stick to their meagre programme, and go in for this "semi-State" business, I will undertake to say there will not be a single member of that extensive body, the sight-seeing British public, who won't be prepared to subscribe himself, like

Your outraged and protesting Correspondent,
A JUBILEE GROWLER.

"A REUTER'S Telegram from Bombay, dated June 6," read out Miss RAMSBOTTOM to her parent, "announces that the Monsoon has burst!"—"Well, I call it disgustin', my dear, so far away from his kingdom too," was the severe comment; "and I've always understood as them Japanese was such little eaters!"

A JUBILEE PRIVATE VIEW.

(*Turning an Honest Penny-a-Line.*)

The Duchess of Dilwater (*Art-Critic to the South Pentonville Gazette*) *writes in her Note-book*:—"THE FUNDAMENTAL THEME OR *LEIT-MOTIF* OF MR. SOAPLEY'S EXQUISITE PORTRAIT OF MRS. BLAZER, IS AN IMPASSIONED *ADAGIO* IN THE MINOR KEY OF BLUE, TENDERLY EMBROIDERED WITH A SUB-DOMINANT FUGUE IN GREEN AND GRAY AND GOLD!" &c., &c.

Lady Slangboro (*Purveyor of Social pars to the Bermondsey Figaro*):—"IT 'S ALL TOMMY ROT ABOUT THE DUCHESS OF DILWATER NOT BEING ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH HER LEARY OLD BLOKE OF A SPOUSE. BOTH THEIR GRACES WERE PRESENT, DARBY-AND-JOANING IT ALL OVER THE SHOP." &c., &c.

Viscountess Crewelstown (*who does the Fashions for the Barnes and Putney Express*):—"LADY SLANGBORO WAS THERE, LOOKING LOVELY IN A RICH SALMON ÉCRU POULT DE SOIE MATELOTTE RUCHÉE À LA BARIGOULE, WITH POINTES D'ESTRAGON PANACHÉ, AND BOUILLON-AISES OF THON MARINÉ EN JARDINIÈRE, FROM MADAM ALDEGONDE'S (719, PICCADILLY)." &c., &c.

PREPARING FOR THE JUBILEE.

Leo Britannicus loquitur:—

YES, of course it 's a bit of a bother,
And puts one a trifle about,
All this Jubilee pageant and pother,
This huge anniversary rout;
But then there 's a something that we owe
To impulses born of the heart,
And even a work-burdened Leo
Must dress for the part.

So I put my best tail-coat and tie on,
And brush-up my bellicose mane,
The looking-glass says the old Lion
Wears well, which I hope isn't vain.
I've had but few holidays lately,
'Tis long since I went for a frisk;
I've been learning to trot most sedately,
For once I'll be brisk.

I suppose in the light of pure reason
It 's all just a trifle absurd,
But to-day that reflection were treason,
Its utterer would not be heard.
KANT is all very well in his way, Ma'am,
But sense out of place sounds like cant;
Few will listen to logic to-day, Ma'am.
I'm certain *I* shan't.

Yes; I do look a bit like a poodle,
Rigged out and brushed up in this style.
Prigs and pedants will call me "old noodle,"
That 's certain, at which I shall smile.
In spite of my Jingoes abusive,
The sagest of leonine laws
Is—don't make too cheap or intrusive
Your teeth or your claws.

Mine at present are trimmed down as neatly
As those of the Lion in love.
Yet the idiots err most completely
Who deem me a mere sucking-dove.
To prove that to each self-deceiver
Were rather too much of a bore;
But—it 's only fool *Bottom the Weaver*
Who 's always all roar.

No, the Lion's part, just for to-day, Ma'am,
Is simply to play and to purr.
BRITTANNIA, come, what do *you* say, Ma'am?
Of course I'm aware you prefer
My mane freely tossing and flowing,
My caput not topped by a "tile;"
But you do not imagine I'm going
To stick to this style.

'Tis only a gala-day get-up,
I've lots of stern business on hand.
My leonine back is not *yet* up;
But—ah! Ma'am, you quite understand.

There are things to set straight at St. Ste-
My Army, my Fleet, and my Laws [phen's,
Seem rather at sixes and sevens.
Well—'ware Leo's claws!

But to-day I'm not stern, nay, nor thrifty.
My motto is, "Oh! what a larks!"
They come only one year in fifty,
These scenes in our streets and our parks.
One thing, though, my bosom to ire works,—
The job seems imperfectly done.
Why could not the people have fireworks
To finish the fun?

There 's a dash of the dowdy and dingy
About Metropolitan plans;
Even poor GEORGE THE THIRD was less stingy.
Roast oxen and loud rataplans
May not be entirely in keeping
With these high æsthetical times,
But rocket-rains whirling and weeping
Are surely not crimes.

However, dear Madam, I'm ready
To frisk with the rest of the crowd.
Only hope that old Sol will keep steady,
And not lap the land in a shroud.
In June in the Jubilee Year, Ma'am,
E'en town should look sunny and green,
And then what a shout we shall hear, Ma'am,
Of "God save the QUEEN!!!"

THE BRITISH LION PREPARES FOR THE JUBILEE.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXVIII.—SIR BARNABAS BUTLER.

SIR BARNABAS BUTLER is the greatest citizen we have. He is ahead of all the other citizens by twenty-five churches, 180 public-houses, two hospitals, and a museum. No other citizen has built more than three or four churches, or owns more than twenty public-houses, no other citizen has ever built a museum. No other citizen has encouraged vice, or art, or religion, to half the extent of Sir BARNABAS. His statue stands in the market-place, where he is represented mounted on a handsome coal-black charger, which has been endeavouring to throw him off for the last five years, and cannot manage it. It is opposite Queen VICTORIA in bronze, and only a few yards from the Duke of WELLINGTON, on a simple six foot pedestal. Sir BARNABAS subscribed largely to the erection of his statue, and he has his reward, for it really leaves the other statues far behind.

I have just been to see Sir BARNABAS lay the foundation-stone of his last church—the fiftieth. He is very frequently laying foundation-stones.

He has forty-nine silver-trowels up at the Hall already, and this will make fifty. There is a huge sideboard charged with minor trophies in his drawing-room, with a full-length portrait of himself in oils hung above it. There are the forty-nine trowels in a row; there are invaluable keepsakes, and mementos, from numbers of Dukes and Marquises; there are testimonials and written addresses from all the colleges, and museums, and churches, and hospitals, even from half the chapels in the neighbourhood, and very many others. He takes them down and reads them on a Sunday afternoon in an arm-chair, under the great stained window, (it is a huge piece, representing St. Martin sharing his cloak with the beggar) with coloured light falling on the blue and gold colours of the illuminated addresses. New ones are always coming in; the last was from the Society for the support of Confirmed Inebriates, to which he had subscribed liberally.

There is also a ledger bound in red morocco, with a list of the subscriptions he has given to various charitable objects—their name is legion. He will have it buried with him, it is popularly supposed.

He is a remarkable man, with a curious magnetic influence about him, and an inscrutable bland face. When he opens his lips at a public meeting, a vibration seems to pass through the assembly, and they watch him as if physically constrained to note his every action. He stirred me like the *Mephistopheles* in BERLIOZ's *Faust*, with mingled fascination and repugnance. His tone is essentially false, but resonant and piercing, with a peculiar swaying cadence that compels attention. When he rose, to-day, which he did with a certain unction, everyone of the audience knew that he had risen. That was after the Bishop's speech. The Bishop, by the way, had referred very prettily to the fact of its being Sir BARNABAS's fiftieth foundation-stone. He said it was his dearest hope that if the Church prospered in the City, as under the auspices of Sir BARNABAS it was almost certain to do, he might live to see Sir BARNABAS lay a hundredth foundation-stone. "If not," continued the Bishop, rising to enthusiasm, "the hundred and fiftieth."

Sir BARNABAS heaved a sigh before he began to speak—it was a way he had. A sigh that conveyed at once humility and candour, humour and benevolence, and the faint reproachfulness of one who feels that his labours on behalf of humanity cannot be adequately recompensed, even by silver trowels. He fixed his eyes upon the Bishop, who became at once utterly unable to glance away from him, and commenced:—"I have never looked for fame at the hands of my fellow-citizens, nor have my visions been of worldly compensation. Had my labour blushed unseen, I trust that I should still have dedicated that labour to the service of humanity. But, Sir, my labour has not blushed unseen. My modest and unpretending efforts have been, I may say, proclaimed upon the house-tops. I have sounded no trumpet before me; but the most sensitive spirit may feel a pang of pride, when others take up the instrument his modesty has refused to handle. And, Sir, when yesterday I passed yonder image in the market-place, the noble expression of a too partial appreciation of my poor efforts for humanity,—then I am not ashamed to confess it, the tears sprang to my eyes." He released the Bishop from his gaze. The Bishop, relieved, but disconcerted could only murmur, "Reflects great credit."

"The tears," repeated Sir BARNABAS, more slowly and impressively, "sprang to my eyes. It was not the beauty of the marble, Sir, it was not the grandeur of those sculptured lineaments. No, it was the knowledge that the hearts of the people had dictated that majestic offering. I felt that I had a place in the hearts of the people, that I would exchange for no palatial mansion, Sir,—for no palatial mansion." Vigorous applause, during which Sir BARNABAS gathered himself together for a fresh flight of rhetoric.

"I consider myself a Steward," he resumed, "merely a Steward. Riches take wing and fly away. Ah! But a faithful stewardship, will never take wing. Services rendered to Art, to Science, to Philanthropy, to Culture, to Religion—these will never fly away. A place in the heart of the people, this, Sir, is my aspiration. This is, I may say, my prayer. Let my wealth perish. Let those marble features crumble—but let my image remain stamped on the memories of our citizens, in characters more enduring than can be graven by the sculptor's chisel. I ask no more."

Amid vigorous applause, Sir BARNABAS proceeded to lay the foundation-stone. I did not stay to witness the conclusion, preferring rather to walk home by some of the slums of the city, and deepen my strong conviction of the tremendous extent to which humanity found itself indebted to Sir BARNABAS.

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

SIR,—If it is not too late, I must utter a protest against the *route* chosen for the Jubilee Procession which seems calculated merely to satisfy the classes in the Clubs. I would propose that the *route* should be as follows:—From Buckingham Palace down the Buckingham Palace Road, Sloane Square, King's Road, Walham Green, Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith Broadway, and thence into the Lavender Terrace, Chiswick, in which I have a window and which ends in a *cul de sac*. The procession might then get to the Abbey by Kensington, Knightsbridge, &c.,—but that is a matter of detail.

Lavender Terrace, Chiswick. Yours faithfully, JUSTICE.

SIR,—As there is to be no firework display on the occasion of the celebration of HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee, may I be permitted to suggest an excellent substitute. I can scarcely imagine anything more appropriate than a fire-balloon. If they were dispatched by hundreds and thousands the effect would be magnificent. Fire-balloons are not expensive—I myself can supply an excellent article at one-and-sixpence.

Yours truly,

Toy Warehouse. MONTGOLFIER, JUNIOR.

SIR,—At the Review at Aldershott there is one branch of the Land Forces of HER MAJESTY that will not be represented at all except by its individual members. I allude to that fine body of men the Metropolitan Police. Why should not every division in the three Kingdoms march down the Long Valley? The effect would be very fine, and in the opinion of experts certain branches of industry would revive during the absence of such a force from London,

Yours most truly, WILLIAM JEREMIAH DIDDLER SIKES.

SIR,—Why is there not a Summary Law passed, compelling some of the Irish Members to walk in the procession, or ride with green rosettes on, and the others to be seated in various parts of the Abbey? Let Mr. PARNELL be in the Abbey.

SCAREM.

SIR,—I am going to Central Africa next week, when the Jubilee will be at its fullest. May I ask you kindly to wire to me when it is all over? As my objection to the celebration is shared by the Irish Members, do you think you could get them to accompany me? If they did, not only should I please myself by escaping from the present excitement, but do a distinct service to my beloved country.

Cape House, Ulster. Yours faithfully, ANNE O'RANGE.

DUMB-CRAMBO'S STRANGER'S GUIDE TO LONDON.

The Tower. The Monument. (Is this the Mon you meant?) The Mint.

ECONOMY!

Pater. "TOM, TOM!—THIS 'LL NEVER DO! PAST ELEVEN O'CLOCK!—AND YOU 'VE BEEN IN BED FIFTEEN HOURS OUT O' THE TWENTY-FOUR!"

Tom. "BUT IT 'S CHEAP, GOV'NOUR—'COSTS NOTHING. WH'E'AS DIRECTLY A FELLOW 'S UP AND DRESSED, EXPENSES BEGIN!"

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

GRAND Old GLADSTONE night at the Covent Garden Opera last Thursday. "Mr. G."—quite "the Upper G" on this operatic occasion, was delighted, and looked it. He was received by Mr. J. D. MCLAREN and Mr. E. HALL, who was more radiant than ever with a Covent-Gardenia in his button-hole, and, in a general way, "Hall there." The performance was better than ever. But M. LORRAIN has not improved, and he is far from being a satisfactory *Mephistopheles*. We don't learn what "Mr. G.'s" opinion was, but he beamed on ALBANI, and talked Italian to GAYARRÉ (who is a Spaniard) as glibly as if he had been born Signor GLADSTONIO. Did he hum to them the tunes of happier days—he can hum very well—or did he give vent to that touching lyric, "*I cannot sing the Old Song!*" Or was it "*Home Rule, Sweet Home Rule!*" No matter. Everybody was delighted at seeing him so brisk, and in such excellent spirits. He was doing much more good at the Opera than in the House.

On Saturday there was a fine performance—the fine performances here have come in with the fine weather—of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Signor GAYARRÉ was admirable as the Duke, and Madame DE CEPEDA sung and acted her best as *Amelia*. The hit of the evening was Mlle. VALDA as *Oscar*—not WILD, of course, but the very reverse of a tame impersonation. Signor D'ANDRADE's "*Eri tu*" created a *furore*, and the amusing parts for SAMMY and TOMMY (*Samuele* and *Tom*)—so characteristic of Italian Opera, couldn't have been in better hands, and mouths, than those of Signori POVOLERI and DE SERINI. Chorus, *mise-en-scène*, and orchestra under the watchful eye of Signor BEVIGNANI, who, like a conscientious policeman, is always on the beat, all contributed to make *Un Ballo* quite a Jubilee success. Up to Saturday, for the Italian Opera Stakes, Covent Garden has been an easy first. We shall see whether Signor AUGUSTUS HARRIZZI will have collared the favourite by the time this appears with his *Aïda*.

Madame PATTI had a good house at the Albert Hall on Saturday, and sang "*Home, Sweet Home*," as an *encore*. She also sang "*Darling Mine!*"—a mine in which L. ENGEL has a share. Mr. ABBEY's second venture was a success, we are abbey to say. Miss WICKHAM, solo violinist, is quite first fiddle.

WILLIAMS REDIVIVUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR interest in all that is good in literature is as strong as your encouragement to latent talent is judicious. This consideration must be my excuse for troubling you about my literary efforts. I have determined to reform the modern Stage by reviving the Shakspearian Drama. This is not to be effected by writing five-act tragedies on historical subjects, whose interest, for cultured people, has evaporated about the time that they have finished their education; and for the masses is non-existent. It is to be done only by applying the Shakspearian method to subjects of present interest. Our ordinary nineteenth-century affairs—newspaper reports, or what not—treated with the genius of SHAKSPEARE, would produce distinctly Shakspearian results. This, then, Sir, is what I have determined to accomplish. My first attempt is a tragedy, called *The Lodger*. I send herewith an extract from the great scene in the Fourth Act, where the Poet, who has found his lodgings incompatible with his culture, is haled before the Doge. Will you give me your candid opinion, and suggest the best plan for getting the play acted? RODERICK TWEDDLE.

The Poet is here giving an account of his incompatible lodgings:—

Poet. Beneath a shade of glass was posed a Thing,
A dreadful Thing of feathers; the stuff'd soul
Of a lost Parrot; grey, with varnish'd beak,
A varnish'd horror, on a grey despair.
One eye, rebellious to the dry, shrunk frame,
Follow'd with glassy dread intelligence
All movements and all looks. The other eye
Took yet more awful heed of the still room,
Where in the mirror every action liv'd
Without the life of sound. The mirror's edge
Was swathed in yellow gauze—amorphous folds—
That might have eddied on the leathern limbs
Of nautching mummies. Two glass candlesticks,
With tinkling ringlets, flank'd the mouldering bird;
And shells, that breathed not of the sea, but kept
Some smack of fish defunct, the shelf adorn'd.
Two cups, whose claim to beauty was the crack
That made them poor for use; two vases blotched
By the coarse hand of vile machinery—
For each a woollen mat, a parasite
That stuck and clung, and on the easy chairs
Unstable housings; on the table round
Long folds of staring cloth, that caught the knees,
And hung about, and slid whene'er you moved—
And mats where there was never need of mats,
And maple-framed engravings of the QUEEN,
Of the Last Judgment, and the Plains of Heaven,
The Exhibition of Eighteen-Fifty-One,
Clifton Suspension Bridge, the Death of WESLEY,
And of a blunt-nosed Woodman's flat return.
The Baresark mood came on me. Right and left
I hack'd and cleft. Th' affrighted landlady,
Coming, suburban trim, all householder,
I slew upon her splinter'd furniture,
Then fired the pile, and fled with lightened heart!

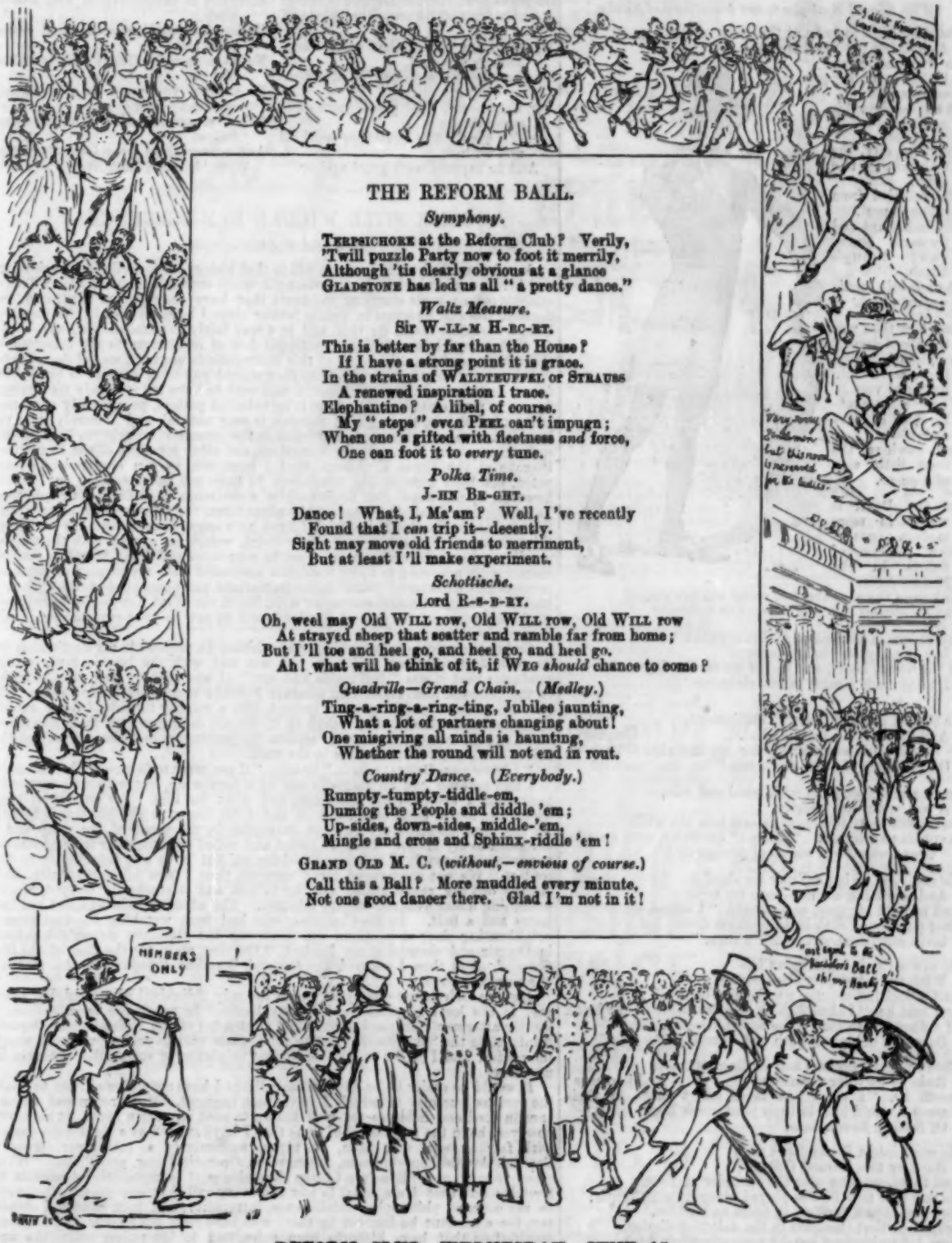
Polonius. Although it be a little out of fashion,
There is much taste and valour in this Welshman.

Doge. Take him away and hang him!

Poet. Oh, I say!

THE PLATFORM OF THE EX-PREMIER.—A Railway Platform.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 49.



THE REFORM BALL.

Symphony.

TERPSICHORE at the Reform Club? Verily,
'Twill puzzle Party now to foot it merrily,
Although 'tis clearly obvious at a glance
GLADSTONE has led us all "a pretty dance."

Waltz Measure.

Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT.

This is better by far than the House?
If I have a strong point it is grace.
In the strains of WALDTEUFFEL or STRAUSS
A renewed inspiration I trace.
Elephantine? A libel, of course.
My "steps" even PEEL can't impugn;
When one's gifted with fleetness *and* force,
One can foot it to *every* tune.

Polka Time.

J-HN BR-GHT.

Dance! What, I, Ma'am? Well, I've recently
Found that I *can* trip it—decently.
Sight may move old friends to merriment,
But at least I'll make experiment.

Schottische.

Lord R-S-B-RY.

Oh, weel may Old WILL row, Old WILL row, Old WILL row
At strayed sheep that scatter and ramble far from home;
But I'll toe and heel go, and heel go, and heel go.
Ah! what will he think of it, if WEG *should* chance to come?

Quadrille—Grand Chain. (*Medley.*)

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-ting, Jubilee jaunting,
What a lot of partners changing about!
One misgiving all minds is haunting,
Whether the round will not end in rout.

Country Dance. (*Everybody.*)

Rumpty-tumpty-tiddle-em,
Dumfog the People and diddle 'em;
Up-sides, down-sides, middle-'em,
Mingle and cross and Sphinx-riddle 'em!

GRAND OLD M. C. (*without,—envious of course.*)

Call this a Ball? More muddled every minute.
Not one good dancer there. Glad I'm not in it!

REFORM CLUB, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.

THE DEVIL'S LATEST WALK.

(With Special Apologies to two Distinguished Shades.)

From his villa in town at the dawn of day,
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little urban estates,
And see how his game goes on.

Over the city, the suburb, the slum,
He rambled from pillar to post,
And backward and forward, observant though dumb,
As a fleetly noctivagant ghost.

And how then was the Devil drest?
In a close-buttoned frock, and a high-buttoned vest,
With a pocket-kerchief of peacock blue,
And nowhere the least little sign of a *queue*.

For the Devil is versed in more modern pages
Than stories of Saints in the Middle Ages.
He knows the advantage of social conformity,
And an *obvious* tail now esteems an enormity.

The Prince of Darkness, as SHAKSPEARE says,
Is a Gentleman—in appearance.
Of the horns, hoofs, and tail of his earlier days
He has made a most politic clearance.

* * * * *

He peeped in the Houses of Parliament,
And found but a factious Babel.
To a smile he was moved, for he thought, [improved
"They 've
On the story of CAIN and ABEL."

Down a red river plied with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast celerity.
And Satan looked wise, as he saw how the while
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he, with a smile,
"Goes Ireland—in search of prosperity!"

He saw Law trying a Viper for slander,
And searching a muck-heap for truth;
And he held his nose, and he said, "I suppose
That poison and filth in a duplicate dose
Have medicinal virtues for Youth."

He saw a Cynic regaling a Club
With the latest patrician scandal;
And a Socialist spouter who howled on a tub;
And said he, "I should think they're about on the brink
Of a flood which shall come as to ancient Rome
Came the deluge of Goth and Vandal."

Then smug Physicians and smiling attorneys
Rode by on their vocations. [journeys;
Quoth he, "I must join these smart chaps in their
Unseen I would look in their joint-stock Book
Of Society Revelations."

He went into a Bookseller's shop
Hard by to a learned College;
And there, peeping over the shoulder of Youth,
He saw how new Pilates played ninepins with Truth;
How neo-Greek noodles, in poem and fiction,
Draped dirtiest thoughts in the daintiest diction;
How Art uninspired sought some stimulant fresh
In charnel conceits, and the lust of the flesh.

Cried he, "This is culture! The gauntest vulture
On garbage will fatten, allowed to batten
On the fruit of *this* tree of knowledge."

He saw huge Stores that small shopkeepers smashed,
To whose portals cash-paying patricians up dashed;
Big Companies, that piled lucre—and crashed;
And the eyes of the Devil they sparkled and flashed,
And he capered with great agility.

Said he, "Big Monopoly's now all the go;
Mankind is enamoured of size and of show,
Modest industry 's stupid, small enterprise slow,
No room now for Trade's little fishes, oh! no.
To succeed you must be a big whale who can 'blow.'
I shall re-arrange all my affairs down below,
And convert them into a Joint-Stock Co.,
With 'Limited Liability.'"

SOME STILL WILDER REMINISCENCES.

(By a Modest Autobiographer.)

You have asked me if I cannot add to that history of marvellous, superhuman, and heroic exploit which characterises the whole stretch and sweep of my Transatlantic career, some startling incidents that have accompanied my rapid and decisive rise and progress in public favour since I have set foot in this country. Yes, I certainly could do this, and in a way fairly to astonish you, were it not for that lack of leisure which a continual flow of invitations to the mansions of the nobility and the aristocracy of this Metropolis forces upon me. I do not refer to this in any boastful spirit. That they should pay their homage to my world-famed courage and accomplishments, and wish to have my intensely picturesque figure, as represented on the advertising coloured posters, prominently adorning, as a central figure, their gilded saloons, is only natural, and I merely state the bare fact without comment. But such is the pressure brought to bear on my spare moments by Dukes, Earls, Marquises, and other members of the Hereditary Peerage of the Three Kingdoms, that I have not, as you may possibly have noted, yet been able to find time even to have my hair properly cut! This, however, by the way. But to proceed in some sense to answer your question. To attempt to detail the remarkable adventures, the hair-breadth escapes, and the combats to the death in which I have been engaged even since my arrival in this country with my *troupe* at Earl's Court, would far exceed both the time at my disposal and the space accorded me in your columns. I will therefore content myself with referring to a few incidents connected with my display of personal prowess and undaunted pluck in the immediate neighbourhood of the "Show" itself. My single-handed encounter with one of the West Kensington omnibuses on the afternoon of the first of April may not be new to your readers, but it will bear repeating.

Seeing the vehicle approaching, and wishing to proceed to my destination on its roof, I straightway hailed it, but was met with the laconic reply of the conductor that it was "full inside and out." I was walking with the Chairman of the Concern, and asked him whether I should make a dash for a place. He gave his consent, and in another instant, like a mighty tornado, I flung myself upon the horses' heads, they reared up in the air, came down on their haunches, and I cut the traces. In another minute the passengers had dismounted and the driver leaving his box faced me in the road.

"I know you, BUFFALO BILL," he said, "if you want to fight,—well, come on!"

I had nothing but an umbrella and he a horsewhip, but without a moment's hesitation, I accepted his challenge, and went for him. For some short time we danced round each other, but at last I hit him over the head and he fell. At the same moment my legs got entangled in the thong of the whip and I stumbled to my knees. Then we closed and rolled over together from pavement to pavement a couple of policemen looking on, but in no way interfering in the contest. We got disengaged for a moment, then I saw my opportunity, and, getting out my ready knife, ran up to him and scientifically scalped him in something under five-and-twenty minutes. The whole episode occupied but two hours and a half. As the Chairman who had been watching the duel from a neighbouring door-step, came up, I swung the Omnibus driver's top-knot in the air and shouted at my loudest, "The first scalp for the Boss of the Big Show!" And thus I relieved the General Omnibus Company of the services of an uncivil servant.

But the rash driver was by no means the only individual who owed his passport to the local hospital ward to my hands. In much the same fashion I shortly afterwards disposed of the Chief Contractor of the Refreshment Department inside the Show itself. But to detail these various feats would only weary the reader, and I prefer in conclusion just to glance at some other features in my career.

It would be easier to jot down those callings I have not followed than to relate the various pursuits in which I have been engaged. My heroism and endurance in flood and field are too well known to need repetition here. It may not, however, be in the cognisance of some that I have starred as a tight-rope dancer with fair success, and been, in turns, successively a coalheaver, Queen's Counsel, Archbishop, dustman, greengrocer, Operatic Tenor, and Pirate. What other *rôles* I may fill before I leave these shores it is impossible at present to foretell; but that I am equal to any and every call that can possibly be made on my courage, philosophy, intelligence, intrepidity, and tact, cannot, I should say, for a moment be doubted by those who have read the modest and retiring manifestoes that have hitherto been submitted to the public under the unassuming title of

BUFFALO BILL.

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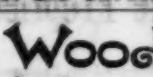
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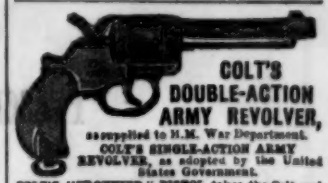
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